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## Reading Lessons for the Primary Grades

SCIENCE SERIES, No. 2

(Pictures and Data, I. B. Meyers.)

Flora J. Cooke



DRAWING LOGS THROUGH THE FOREST

## How Lumber Is Made

This is a picture of a forest in Pennsylvania. The trees are oaks, maples, pines, and poplars. The men in the picture are called "loggers." They are going to haul many logs to the river which you see through the trees.

First the "master logger" went through this forest. He marked all the trees to be cut down during the season. Then hard work for the loggers began—chopping and sawing, loading and hauling from morning until night.

In every marked tree the men cut notches in one side. Then



TYPICAL LUMBER REGION  
See Reading Lessons for Primary Grades, page 540



GIANT CRANE AT WORK



EXTERIOR OF SAW-MILL

they sawed across the trunks. One after another down came the great trees, crashing and breaking their way to the ground. Afterward all the large branches were sawed off.

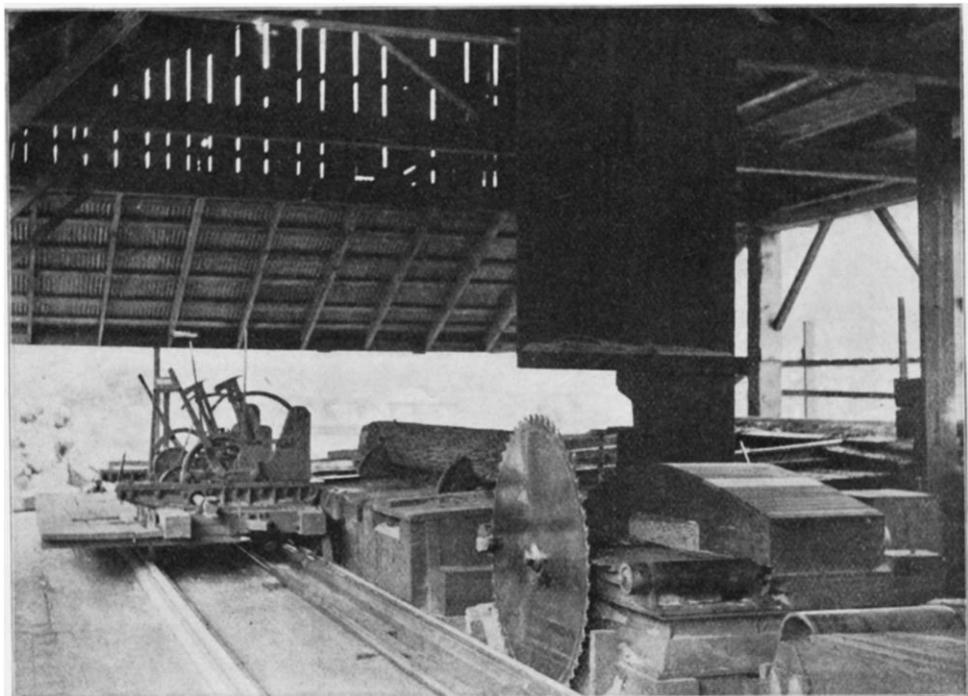
See the fine pine tree in the picture. Can you tell how many saw-logs 12 feet long it will make? The horses will haul these saw-logs down to the crane, and they will be placed in great piles like those in the picture.

The big cranes will lift the logs onto the flat-cars, and they will be carried to the great steam-mills.

Whenever it is possible, the large lumber-mills are placed near a river. This is because it is easy and cheap to float the logs a long distance in deep water. When they reach the mill they are dragged from the stream by long chains with sharp hooks on the ends. Next they are taken on an iron carriage to the big saw in the mill.

What has happened in the mill? We see no logs come out at the other end.

They have become boards — pine, oak, and maple — of different



INTERIOR OF MILL

length and thickness. They are now ready to be sent to lumber-yards all over the country.

Do you know how the work in the mill was done? Perhaps the last picture will help you to understand it.

## Eskimos

### GEOGRAPHY SERIES, No. 1

Greenland is a great island in the North. It is not well named, for almost all of it is covered with very deep ice and snow.

Tribes of Greenland Eskimos live all along the western coast. Yet nowhere on the island can the people live more than twenty miles from the shore. Great mountains and rivers of packed ice and snow cover four-fifths of the land.

These Eskimos have a very short summer, but in June and July the sun does not set at all. It is daylight even at midnight. Summer is the happy time of Greenland. As soon as the ice melts, the ground is covered with a carpet of moss and flowers.

Mrs. Peary spent a year in this cold country. She tells what the children do all the long, dark, cold winter when the sun does not shine at all. She tells also about the wonderful northern lights, more beautiful than our rainbows; about the snow igloos and the kayahs; about the poor Eskimo mothers and girls who must chew all the skins before they can be made into clothes; about the patient Eskimo dogs and their habits; and about the many dangerous seal, bear, and deer hunts. It makes a fine story. Some day you may read it, and many other stories of Greenland.

This is what Mrs. Peary tells about one summer day soon after she reached Greenland. That day she wore long knit stockings and a red blanket dress which reached to her knees. Over this she wore a warm eider-down skirt and long moccasins. But this dress was not warm enough, and she soon changed it for one of fur.

She says of this June day:

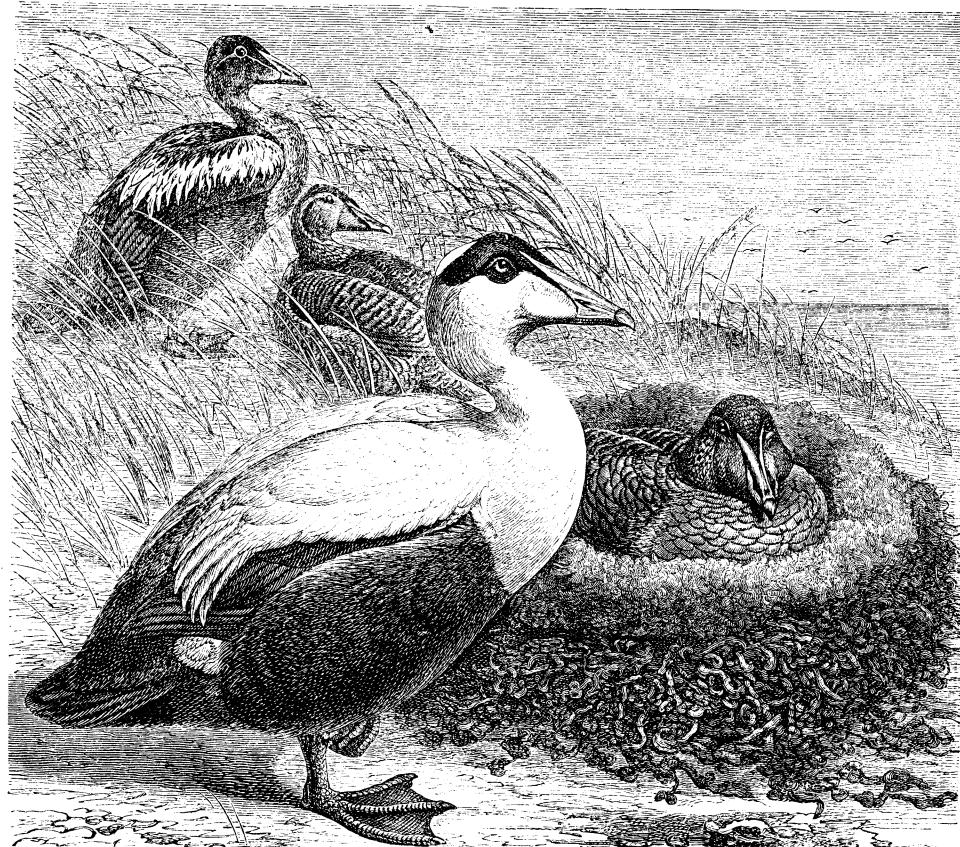
“Never had I seen so many different wild flowers in bloom at once. I could not put my foot down without crushing anemones,

yellow poppies, or mountain pinks. Never had I stepped on moss so soft and beautiful. It was of all shades of green and red. Some beds of it were covered so thickly with tiny pink blossoms that you could not put the head of a pin between them. Sometimes our path was across great snow-drifts. Sometimes we sunk ankle-deep in flowers and moss.

“Mountain streams came tumbling down in every little gully. The water was always so clear and sparkling that we longed to stop and drink.

“Far below us was Disco Bay, blue as sapphire, dotted with icebergs of all sizes and shapes. Shining in the sun they looked like a fleet of beautiful sailboats. Back of us were the black cliffs and the glittering snow as far as we could see.”

### Mrs. Peary’s Story of the Eider-ducks



"On the morning of July 2, 1891, we arrived at Duck Island. Here we were to land to get eggs and ducks for our winter use.

"The ducks flew in thick flocks all about us. On every side were nests as large as hens' nests. They were made of sticks and moss, and lined with eider-down. Each one contained from three to six eggs. The nests were not hidden, but out on the rocks in full sight.

"Alas, we came too late! The ducks were breeding, and out of the 960 eggs gathered, only 150 were good.

"Yet it was a most successful day. I spent my time in gathering eider-down, and collected forty-three pounds in five hours, and the men of the party carried away ninety-six ducks for winter food."

In connection with this study the children may read selected paragraphs directly from Mrs. Peary's book, and *Seven Little Sisters*.

## How St. Valentine's Day Came to Be

LITERATURE SERIES, No. 6

A long, long time ago there lived in France a priest named Valentine. Every one loved Valentine, but his best friends were the children of the village. They came to him with all their joys and sorrows. They understood that this friend was never too tired or too busy to listen to them and comfort them. Many children who could not come to him sent him messages by their friends. These he was always sure to answer.

After a while Valentine grew so old and so many children came to him that he was no longer able to see them all. But he still wrote hymns and verses for them, and no little friend ever left his house without a verse from Valentine. The sick and lonely children of the village were not forgotten even in his old age. His rhymes and verses were always unsigned, but every child could guess who wrote them.

After Valentine died, the people said that he was a saint who had visited the earth. It became a custom for children to send tokens of love to each other on his birthday, February 14th. They too, sent them unsigned, and to this day the custom is observed.